

School Spirit Has Important Part in Student's Life

How is your school spirit? Is it up to par? Are you an integral part of S.T.C.? If not, come on out wherever you are. Out for dramatics, debates, sports, or some special activity in which you will be doing your part to help build up school spirit. We want our school "on the map" and it won't be unless each one gives all out cooperation.

Do you realize that participation in extra curricula activities is just as important as academic work? The more you put into your four years the more you will receive from them; those students who live a well rounded school life are the ones who find a real love for their school and regret the day that sees it come to an end.

The past year has seen a vast improvement in the spirit of the students of our college but it isn't one hundred percent and there are still a few faces we would like to see outside the classroom at the several activities run for our school. Are you among the missing? If you need a little urging or a reminder to keep your school spirits up put the following where you can see it every day:

S.T.C. Bill of School Spirit:

Constantly remind others that your college is the best college of all. Participate in extra curricula activities.

Give full cooperation when you are asked to do something for the school.

Let the halls echo with the school song more often.

Learn to really love your school and be thankful that you have the opportunity to be here at S.T.C. during this time of war.

Above all be proud of your school and the fact that some day you will be a graduate of S.T.C.

Paper Shortage at STC Is Again Acute

The paper shortage at S.T.C. is once again acute and we join President Carpenter in an appeal to the entire student body. There are innumerable ways of saving paper; and if each one of us will sincerely try to cut down in just one of those ways, it will promptly solve the paper situation here at school.

However, this is not a problem that can be solved in one day. We must try to conserve constantly.

We believe that there would be no paper shortage if we all stopped for a moment to consider each piece of paper we save will bring our boys home more quickly and safely.

When we put it on that basis, I am sure S.T.C. will lend a hand and bring the practice of wasting paper unnecessarily to a stop. How about it!

May You Experience
the Joys of the Season
and May Your
New Year
Be Blessed with Peace



Prayer for Christmas 1944

DORIS SKRIVARS

Dear God, this solemn Christmas tide,
We sit our sparkling tree beside;
Our hearts lift up in prayer to Thee
For all our loved ones 'cross the sea.
And then, as always our hearts cried
For "peace on earth good will toward men."

This day so joyous Thou didst give
Thy Son to us, that we might live,
Unite our hearts with those we love
In prayer and praise to Thee above
God, let this all be transitive
Toward "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Through hushed and snown streets
we slip
To Thy bless'd church, and on our trip,
See candles gleaming on the snow,
And children carolling as they go;
For dear ones on far land or ship,
With "peace on earth, good will toward men."

As we sit down to sumptuous fare,
We think of thousands "over there,"
And Europe's children starved and gaunt.
Lord, grant them every need and want
Our heartfelt wish we now declare
For "peace on earth, good will toward men."

This year we have a wider scope,
Though in the darkness we still grope.
Through this day's joys the sorrows run,
But recompense there still is one.
We thank Thee for the Christmas hope
Of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Dr. Shiridharani Speaks at Assembly

One nebulous conception which I held in my mind until recently has been cleared up by the appearance of Dr. Shiridharani on our stage. Until a few weeks ago I was of the school of thought that Indians were always to be associated with mysticism, Yogis, and shady characters who dwelt in Elysian Fields within this vale of tears we call Earth. This must be a very common, far-reaching opinion which the western world holds of our "good neighbors" of the Middle East as evidenced by Dr. Shiridharani's good-natured remarks concerning his address to that famed American institution, Rotary Club.

However, Dr. Shiridharani was quite the antithesis of what we expected. Dispensing with his Western appearance, his subtle humor was such that it could not be associated with the legendary stoical Indian. We might say he had a flare for repartee. His ability to juggle huge figures certainly is an American trait.

I think we may all profit from Dr. Shiridharani's appearance here; not so much by what he said, but by himself. We of the occident who are so self-enlightened feel that we are going to protect and defend all the minorities of the East such as India. We condescend toward them as though they have nothing to offer the world, that every last one of them is poor and uneducated. Dr. Shiridharani did much unknowingly, perhaps, to break down that misconception. He is an excellent example of the educated, cosmopolitan Indian who takes a keen interest in world affairs and who, though part of a minority is a powerful factor in Indian affairs.

Dramatic Club's "Nine Girls" Is Well Received

After seeing Friday night's performance of the Dramatic Club play "Nine Girls", we have reached the conclusion that the Dramatic Club of Worcester State Teachers College need not bow low before any one member of the famed Theatre Guild, or that Miss O'Donnell need take pointers from Guthrie McClintic or Margaret Webster. "Nine Girls" was tops in our estimation! It was definitely the best play ever produced at Worcester State Teachers College, or ever produced in Worcester.

Now, while the members of the cast are resting on their laurels (they deserve orchids for their performance), let us recapitulate some of the events in the play. Martha Russin really portrayed the blasé, self-assured actress all through the play. Pat Hehir displayed a genuine professional bearing that was quite effective. Of course, Maureen Warner was her usual charming self. She tells me (off the record, of course) that her tripping the light fantastic in the first act resulted in several cracked ribs and a pulled ligament. But, in accordance with the tradition of the theater, that "the show must go on", Maureen (Bernhardt) Warner, struggled on making a general pest of herself in the following acts.

Who would have thought Barbara Tomolonius could be such a cold, deliberate killer? After seeing her performance, I don't trust my friends anymore. Et tu, Brute? Louise Temple enacted magnificently her role of a Red. Pat Doyle shows a definite flare for tragedy.

Sylvia Badrigian was very sweet and poised throughout and the two pledges, Dot Smith and Gerry Guertin, were cute but quiet juveniles.

The dramatic art has definitely quite a few excellent interpreters here at Worcester State Teachers College. They all deserve a round of applause. That's all for now. I must rush off because I, too, am a lover of the theatre and I have to practise my role of "Lassie" from the picture of the same name.

Do You Know?

That our Mary Galvin has joined the Wacs?

That Mary O'Neil is joining our long list of Mrs.? Good luck, Mrs. Bartlett.

That Dot Holden is going to New York? Well!

That Betty Driscoll is another Mrs.?

That Virginia Palmer has been elected to the honor society of Kappa Delta Pi?

That Celestine has a band? Ask her the news!

That Martha Russin has added two more silver bracelets to her great collection?

That Charlie's gone? Poor Pat!

Glee Club Presents Christmas Program On December 15

On December 15 the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Daniel L. Healy, presented its annual Christmas program.

A series of four tableaux depicting scenes of the Nativity gave an unusual and interesting background for the beloved carols which the Glee Club rendered so beautifully. The carols included a group of old French carols arranged by Wayne Norman.

They included:

Sing We Now of Christmas
As Now the Midnight Hour
Draws Near

Although You Are So Tiny
The Sleep of the Child Jesus

Other familiar carols included:

Silent Night, Holy Night
O Come All Ye Faithful

Angel Voices Ever Singing

Miss June Scott, '46, played as her violin solo, "Ave Maria", by Franz Schubert.

Taking part in the tableaux were Marie Daley, Patricia Daley, Martha Driscoll, Eileen O'Leary, Angela Perry, and Dorothy Smith. Miss Joan Smith was the reader of the story of the Nativity.

The Newman Club Sponsors Artist

The Newman Club this year brought to us excellent entertainment in the person of Mrs. Francelia Waterbury who played to a large audience. "The New Mrs. Arden" was a new play written for Mrs. Waterbury.

"The New Mrs. Arden" was a modern play dealing with the problems confronting an actress when she marries into a ready-made family. Each of the seven scenes portrayed a different character, ranging from youth to old age, comic to serious. All were rendered beautifully to a most appreciative audience. The venture was a most successful one from the financial standpoint, too.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick Talks On Flower Arrangement

Mrs. Charles A. Fitzpatrick, well known authority on flower arrangement, gave a very interesting talk at our Friday assembly on December 1. She proved to us that simple things like blueberry branches, grapes, and just a dash of bright color here and there could help make very attractive Christmas decorations for mantles and tables. The assembly was amazed to find the effectiveness and beauty of a white Madonna arrangement when its background was changed from white to bright blue. Then, too, we saw that red, dust-collecting ribbons on wreaths could be replaced by clusters of red carnations, thereby making the wreaths much more animated and appealing.

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THE ACORN STAFF

(Issued by students of Worcester State Teachers College)

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Christmas, 1944

Christmas, 1944, will be remembered as the time when we were nearing the culmination of the most Satanic and the bloodiest war in history and were on the threshold of what we hoped would be an era of peace and prosperity.

It would be wise for our statesmen to ponder the immaterial, non-commercialized spirit of Christmas while they are laying the cornerstone for peace. Witness how man has made futile attempts in the past at peace, when he failed to recognize the true spirit of peace, and floundered about in a maze of earthly ideas, accepting as his criteria for peace, gross imitations which eventually were proved worthless by recurring wars.

From time immemorial, man has striven to protect himself and his loved ones from the ravages of other peoples. Man in the distant past wielded his stone axe above the body of his foe in defense of home and family. Later, he built his home on the heights so that he might have advantage over his enemy; he walled in his cities and in so doing walled out a spirit of love that would teach him to know his fellow man better. He sat in conferences, trying desperately to patch up a world torn asunder by war, but the doors of the conference chamber were closed on a Being wiser than the wisest of Parliaments.

Man in his greed and cupidity can and often does pat himself on the back, saying; "O you human being, look what you've accomplished in your few short years on Earth—you've conquered science with your skyscrapers, motion pictures, ships and planes." But man's few material accomplishments are infinitesimal when compared with his greatest deficit—his inability to live with his fellow-man. This blot, this stain cannot remain for long on man's otherwise inscrutable character so he sets out to ameliorate the conditions. Poor, deluded man! He handles this problem in the same unimaginative, picaresque way he might handle his business affairs. He attempts to materialize PEACE. He begins to envision peace as balance of power, sovereignty, limited armaments, standing armies, and air forces. Man, in drawing up the blueprint for peace draws it with a cool, aloof bearing and neglects the basic principle behind peace—"to men of good will."

Perhaps we have been too harsh on mankind—perhaps he may be able to break his material and human

chains that bind him to earthly things.

Is this too much to expect of human nature? Undoubtedly it is, but the fact remains that unless man places before him, mentally—at least—"PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL," he can never avoid war. Economic, political, social, and geographical factors must bow low before this basic, omnipresent factor, this "immaterial, maudlin sentimentality."

It is the undertow which may cast us safely on the shores of peace or drag us down, down into the black void of war.

Prayer of Youth

(Miss Carol K. Ericson who wrote such inspiring words to Londonderry Air last year has written a second verse this year.)

O keep us true to our ideals and loved ones
Through war's dread hour preserve our trust in Thee.
O arm us now with strength that knows no weakness.
Through suffering, Lord, show us humility.
Throughout the world we fight with youthful valor.
On foreign shores we hold our banner high;
That some day peace and love may light this darkness,
And all mankind may raise to Thee the victor's cry.

—CAROL K. ERICSON

To a Snowflake

CLARA M. SAUNDERS

Snowflakes falling, soft and white
Making alive the silent night
When all else sleeps.

Cover deep the dead and sleeping
Softly now and cease your weeping
Earth still keeps.

Violets and May flowers hid close to her breast
Not dead, but dormant in peaceful rest
'Til Spring.

Touches the earth and whispers low
Sleep no more, I bid you grow
A lovely thing.

Snow flakes falling, cover them well
Hold them fast in your icy spell
A little while.

Fields now stern, shall be glad again
Warmed by sun, caressed by the rain
And earth will smile.

Youth Caravan

Caravaners and local young people do everything in morning Workshop from scrubbing floors, daubing paint on dingy nursery chairs to taking pick and axe to build chapels in the woods. We had two chapels grow out of Caravan weeks, each in its unique way.

The first was on the dignified lawn of a large church in the city. A growth of trees and shrubbery made an enclosed cover of smooth lawn that invited rest and worship. We began with the cross. After much searching a kind hearted farmer gave us the only two cedar fence posts in South Jersey. Cedar is a wood which will not rot easily, so we decided to build a stone altar to place in front of our unique cross.

But much to my New England surprise, stones don't grow in Jersey in people's back yards the way they do in New England.

We went on a special expedition one morning in search of any stray stones that could be found—but in spite of careful looking we found nothing but scratched hands and tired feet. We even investigated the beds of nearby brooks to succeed in getting only very muddy and more discouraged.

We finally went back to the farmer who had graciously given us his two cedar fence posts. His suggestion was that we go to an old deserted house site and dig in the foundation to find stones. Up on an equally deserted country road we found our house site, but no stones. We almost decided to forget our stone altar, but as a last bit of curiosity we investigated the almost tumbled-in barn. There we found it—a large stone as big as the old fashioned door step. We like to believe that was what it was once. With much tugging and with decided risk to the car springs it was loaded in and carried happily back to church. An inscription was chiseled into its face and there was our altar, with as unique a history as the cross behind it.

Even though this may sound easy, the building of the divided altar rail, the wooden pulpit with burned-in inscription, the digging of post holes in the hot South Jersey sun in earth that for all its lack of stones was hard, made our finished worship place a project for loving appreciation when dedication night came. At sunset we lighted the fire of consecration on our altar of old stone before the cedar cross, tall and straight and warmly brown in the fire light.

Our other Chapel was even more picturesque. It was in a dense pine woods a mile from the ocean. The sea breeze made soft music in the tall pine tops and mingled with the scent of pine to make incense. But all this beauty was preceded by some real blistering work. And I mean the adjective blistering, literally.

With one cracked shovel, a broken rake, and a rusty cross-cut saw, we dug a winding trail through the tangle of briars and huckleberry bushes, cleared the chapel space and cut logs for crude seats. The cross was a straight dead pine in an open space at the end of the oval clearing. We sawed it off about eight feet from the ground and used a pine slab for

the cross piece. A divided altar rail of maple and center aisle of pine needles and fine gray sand leading back to the beginning of the trail made our clearing in the dense tangle of bushes and trees unexpectedly beautiful.

According to a Caravan tradition on the night of dedication, we had a rain storm, so our Pine Chapel was dedicated with thunder playing in the tall tree tops that formed the roof above us, while rain drops made soft overtones falling down through the branches to the carpet of needles and sand. We did not mind getting a little wet. As we silently filed back along our narrow winding trail, the blisters, the lame backs and arms were all forgotten as we came to the edge of the woods and the end of the trail. There, arching from the peaked roof of the tiny one room church to the horizon was a fresh new double rainbow—a final benediction to our Chapel in the Pines.

CLARA SAUNDERS

Vocal Somnambulisms

At the Prom the other night a fine time was had by all. We took our feather dusters along and unearthed several items of fascination: "Eve and Bud—a very nice combination. Hmmm.

Joan, why the sudden interest in the tune, "Don't Fence Me In"? Could it be the six other people in the back seat?

Sincerest thanks go to Bob for his untiring interest in making the Junior Prom a success.

Speaking of Bob, we are all wondering when it will be our turn. From well informed sources we understand that he is all dated up until December 31, 1954!

May we say "best wishes" and loads of luck to our dear classmate, "Ruthie." We are sure this expresses the sentiment of the entire school.

New recruits for kindergarten class enlist at the office of Alma Marshall. Lonesome! One lone gas stamp. Good for five gallons. Inquire of Miss Mary Foley.

Mary McDonnell has added a new stock of jokes to her library. It is hard to believe that they have exceeded the popularity of the moron jokes with some members of the class.

For Hire: One beach wagon. See Hester!

Congrats to Claire Berthiaume for her arduous work handling the dance funds.

Eleanor Moosey is available for consultation on "Proper Breathing and Breath Control."

Add to items of local color: Cherry Valley maid plus one Sailor located in the Pacific equals?—(one letter every Tuesday).

School Take Notice: A Star is Born: Sylvia Badrigian for her clever portrayal in "Nine Girls."

And now not to keep you aghast any longer we sign this column,

BENITA AND EUSTACIA

Mrs. Fitzpatrick Talks
On Flower Arrangement

(Continued from Page 1)

A member of the Hortulus Club and the Horticultural Society, Mrs. Fitzpatrick has studied flower arrangement with Constance Spry, English authority on the subject.

They Call It "Student Reporting"

CAROL K. ERIKSON

My little black notebook and I
Go gathering news for the press.
It's often confusing at times;
Yet oodles of fun we confess.

We chase our professors (what fun!)
And catch them on stairs and in halls.

Alas, it is only for news
We make all these queer social calls!

We cover all lectures and such
With paper and pencil in hand.
We're careful of names and events
Our evening? Ah, yes—it was grand.

Then after the program is through,
We hasten to type out our news
And stop at the T and the G
(We haven't a moment to lose.)

My little black notebook and I
Are learning the tricks of the game,
For newspaper work suits us fine
Beg pardon, but what was the name?

Kappa Delta Pi

Miss Virginia M. Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis L. Palmer of Auburn and one of our outstanding seniors, was pledged to Gamma Chi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, national honor society in education, at pledge ceremonies on Friday evening, December 1. Miss Palmer has our sincere congratulations for attaining this high recognition and honor.

Following the ceremony, Gamma Chi Chapter held "Honor Night" to which students of high scholastic rank in the junior and sophomore classes were invited. Speakers were Mr. Edmund C. Osborne, councilor for Gamma Chi Chapter, who related the history of the local chapter and the national organization; and Dr. William B. Aspinwall, president emeritus of our college. Miss Alice A. Syverson, president, introduced the speakers and welcomed the members and invited guests. In the receiving line were Miss Myra A. Fitch, Dr. Aspinwall and Mr. Osborne. Refreshments were served following the meeting with Miss Fitch pouring.

Students invited were Misses Margaret Barsam, Eleanor R. Moosey, Barbara E. Straw, Barbara M. Tomolonius, Maureen M. Warner of the junior class; Carol K. Ericson, Catherine D. Henigan, Grace A. Keegan, Doris E. Skrivars and Dorothy M. Willard of the sophomore class.

French Club

Robert Bernstein highlighted the program of the French Club with a talk on his experiences in coming from France to America and how he learned to speak English.

A short business meeting was followed by refreshments.

The traditional Christmas party which was held December 11, was a gala and festive occasion.

BUY WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

What Goes With the Frosh

Did you know that the present freshmen do less arguing than any class that has gone before them? We agree on almost everything—well, with one exception—and that question is: Whose home town is the best? It seems that Marlboro gets enough plugging in class by Margy Carroll and her old pal, Madeline Dalton, together with Norma Gardner and, of course, our beloved president, Mary Walsh. In addition, Shrewsbury, Framingham, Hudson, and what have you, hold their own always. We Worcester girls do just a little plugging, too!

If the upper classmen would like to know how all the freshmen have dates for all the dances, give heed to this. Whenever a freshman wants a man, she runs to Pat Hehir and she in turn runs to her sailor friend from "The Cross." Barbara Looney helps out along that line, too!

No survey of the Frosh doings would be complete without an item about "our man." Don't be fooled by that line of his, girls! His true love is a brunette from Boston. He promises to bring her to one of the dances—for our approval, no doubt.

I may be wrong, but I'm told that the gym has been made a livelier place by the class of '48. I think that it all started when we found out that Gerry Guertin was a whiz at ping-pong. Of course, the ice is another big attraction. How about that, Sylvia?

While the Frosh do like their fun, they strive for the better things in life, too. We have a few wonderful examples—Clara Saunders, Mary Osborne, and Rose Kaletski, who has rented a place in the library every day from 3:30 to 5:30 P.M. Maybe if we follow in the footsteps of our illustrious upper classmen, especially the sophomores, we'll really get along well! We're really trying!

What Is Christmas?

Christmas is home, the family ties, Christmas is feasts, with turkeys and pies, Christmas is friends, companions to call, Christmas is peace and joy for us all, Christmas is all the things that we love, Flowers in fields and stars up above, Christmas is songs of Christ's lowly birth, Christmas is peace and good will on earth, Christmas is hope, a light through the years, Christmas is strength to conquer our fears, Christmas is faith renewed in this war, Christmas is what we are all fighting for.

BARBARA E. STRAW

"Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness."

—SENECA

"Christmas is not a time or a season, but a state of mind. To cherish peace and good will, to be plenteous in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas."

—CALVIN COOLIDGE

From One Girl to Another

"Keeping busy" seems to be the slogan at S.T.C. these days. Students and faculty as well have few moments to spare, probably because the Christmas season is creeping up on us. Everybody seems to be working in stores to earn some extra pin-money. Why the other evening I walked into one store and saw four girls from S.T.C. working on the same counter. One of them seemed to be having rather a difficult time making a woman with a foreign accent understand that silk had been replaced by rayon in men's socks.

Speaking of Christmas reminds us all that this is the third Christmas that we have been at war, and the boys need a lot of morale boosting, so don't forget to send them humorous Christmas cards to cheer them up a bit. Let's hope that next year they'll be enjoying Christmas at home.

Didn't you enjoy the Dramatic Club play? It was different from others put on in the past and enjoyed by everyone who attended. The Christmas assembly was something that we won't soon forget. It was an excellent performance, but why shouldn't it have been, for both the director and those who took part worked very hard.

Here's hoping you have a very Merry Christmas and that one of your New Year's resolutions will include studying just a little bit harder.

Christmas of Old

Christmas in 1939 was a time of joy and festivity. Bells rang, carolers sauntered about the brilliantly lighted streets and sang their hymns of praise to God. Every home fairly shouted with happiness and mirth.

The most impressive sight at Christmas time was to watch a young child with his small companions enthusing over dear old Saint Nicholas. They placed their complete trust and faith in their "Santa". He was the one person who could satisfy their every desire. In 1939, the young child was led to believe that his faith in Santa Claus was worthwhile. It was right, because aren't our parents really "Santas in disguise"?

Yes, 1939 was a gay and happy year. But this is 1944! This is the time of war and conflict, and struggle. Yet, this is Christmas time!

Our chimes will ring out anew; our carolers will sing more joyously and more eagerly. Our homes will resound with the spirit of Christmas. It is true that this will be a day of sadness for many, but they are not giving in! The people of America will hold fast to their belief in justice and freedom. They will hold back the tears and smile happily down on the faces of their children while the story of "dear old Saint Nick" is told.

International Relations Club

At the last meeting of the I.R.C. Miss Phyllis Boucher, president of the club, led the discussion on the general subject of international agreements to follow the war. The proposal suggested at Dumbarton Oaks was among those considered. Refreshments were served at the meeting.

JUMBO

MADLINE DALTON

In the lower anterior extremities of the humble edifice which we call home, there stands a noble giant, who rules with as much pomp and majesty in his small domain as does a king in his court. His reign, however, is limited: his regal powers extend only from the cool briskness of late autumn, through the bleak cold days of winter, into the windy chilly freshness of early spring. For, as incredible as we might think it to be, during the summer months, Jumbo is dormant.

Annually, he takes his rest during the warmer months when his services are not so necessary. Before the great god of sleep dominates, however, Jumbo summons his valets, who quickly appear with their various types of equipment to prepare him physically for the most peaceful slumber that is possible. Our well-informed gentleman realizes that, just as every individual who seeks to do his work well must have the proper rest, so he, too, must rid his aching muscles of the fatigue toxins which accumulate during his long period of governing.

Let us take a quick journey down into Jumbo's palatial residence. As we step within his immediate boundaries, we behold the master in all his splendor sending out his messages, decrees, and laws to his subjects. These subjects, which are evenly distributed throughout his entire domain, are his limbs—the parts of his body that execute his every command and obey his every law, but, on the other hand, without which he would be helpless.

If you had seen Jumbo year ago, you would have muttered to yourself, "Poor Jumbo! He's a masterful specimen, envied by his neighbors far and near, and yet, he has his troubles." For the sovereign was lonesome, and he showed it too, with never a smile on his face, but always that sober, lonely glance. But who could blame him; for besides being lonely, he had to continuously drink that nasty tasting liquid from one end of the day to the other.

However, if you could see Jumbo again today, you would see that this is all changed. His craving for friendship has been renewed in the person of the "keeper of the flame" who puts into his huge mouth, spoonful by spoonful, these large black morsels of delicious food.

Of course, Jumbo could be reconverted and regulated by one of those "new-fangled thermostat gadgets," which he never could get used to anyway. But, not Jumbo! No, not our Jumbo! Never again! He maintains that he will insist upon individual attention, and certainly not by remote control.

Blood Donation

The use of blood plasma for emergency transfusion has been called the outstanding medical discovery of this war. The blood of donors, in the form of a powder, is readily shipped to hospitals and battle fronts where it can be used immediately in the treatment of wounded, saving lives that would be lost without prompt transfusions.

Blood for our armed forces is obtained from volunteer donors at Blood Donor Centers established by the American Red Cross. Any man or woman in good health between the ages of 21 and 60 is acceptable as a donor. Donors between 18 and 21 must have the consent of parent or guardian.

There is no pain or inconvenience in the process of donating blood. One pint of blood is taken, and the average person has from ten to fourteen pints in the body. Approximately forty-five minutes is required, and normal activities may be resumed immediately thereafter. Most healthy people can repeat the donation in about two months.

Since January 1, 1942, the Red Cross has collected approximately seven million pints of blood from volunteer donors. To meet the need, a quota of 100,000 donations each week is required. The Red Cross Blood Bank is reserved primarily for the Army and Navy, but emergency supplies for civilian needs have also been arranged. No charge is ever made for blood donated through the Red Cross.

Clock Watchers

SYLVIA BADRIGIAN

There are as many different types of clock watchers as there are people. The best place to find one of these "watchmen" is right here in school. I am sorry to say that every one of our classes has at least one or two of them.

Now some people engage in this occupation through force of habit. They are the ones who are constantly looking at their wristwatches, but can never tell you what time it is. However, they are in the minority.

It seems to me that the greatest number of clock watchers indulge in this folly through sheer boredom caused by their inability to concentrate or want to concentrate on the material at hand. An example of this is the person who, unable to arouse any interest in the subject, has been watching the progress of the clock carefully, and a few minutes before the end of the period gathers up his books and prepares for his exit unmindful of the fact that he is disturbing the entire class.

For those who have not done their homework the clock also seems to hold an unexplainable fascination. I have often watched these unfortunate creatures and am amused to see them sitting on the edge of their seats, one hand clutching their books, the other hand grasping the side of the chair, and their eyes glued upon the minute hand. At the precise second the hand moves, they are out of their seats and down the corridor.

Last but not least are the clock watchers who are taking an examination. For the first half or three-quarters of the period they spend their time on doing only one question. They write; they think; they erase. Then the process is repeated over again. Finally, realizing it must be pretty late, they stop and glance at the clock. What! only ten more minutes? Then the frantic watching begins. They scribble a few lines and dart a glance at the clock. Again they write a few words and glance

Diary of Drusilla

MONDAY: Sneak furtively out of school after fifth hour feeling like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and trying to appear ignorant of the fact that the clubs are meeting. Am not practicing to become the Shadow, but must get to the mighty emporium from which I receive my sustenance, on time. Hope customers are unaware of deep, dark past behind smiling face. Begin to feel like shopping bureau as harassed shoppers ask me for suggestions. Climax of evening comes when gentle elderly man informs me he has daughter my age, and in order to help him to decide what to buy asks what I would like for Christmas. Respond brightly in spite of aching metatarsals, "Tall, blonde, and handsome sailor."

TUESDAY: Come to school with lessons very sketchily prepared after last night's session at the store and have difficult time trying to look intelligent in geography class. Am further distracted by gymnastics of certain instructor outside door while trying to wire Christmas creche. Girl friend adds final touch to distress by clamoring that a "ditch" be dug from St. Louis to East Coast so that the Mississippi will flow in right direction.

WEDNESDAY: Arrive at school in a soggy state because of distressing downpour. Shake water out of curls (figure of speech) to discover name on bulletin board for overdue book. Dispose of this difficulty only to come late to class. After thoroughly unsuccessful day am forced to stand in rain waiting for bus. Wish we could have that post-war waiting station!

THURSDAY: Plan to shop for Junior's Christmas presents after school, but am detained by rehearsal for sophomore assembly. Vainly sing off key in desperate hopes of being sent home. Manage to escape finally, but arrive down street just as stores are closing.

FRIDAY: End week with strenuous square dancing in gym. Arrive home bedraggled and worn. Oh for that Christmas vacation!

at the time. This continues until the ten minute limit has lapsed and the students woefully pass in their papers.

So, clock watchers, take it from one who knows. Don't waste time by trying to keep track of it. Forget the clock and concentrate on what you are doing.

Newman Club Activities

The following activities are being planned by the Newman Club.

Dec. 8—All plan to attend Mass at Christ the King Church as a tribute to boys in the service.

Dec. 12—A panel discussion and a talk on "What Is Advent?" Jan. —Book review by a librarian from the Worcester Public Library.

Jan. 26-28—A retreat will be held at Brighton, Mass., in conjunction with Newman Clubs from other State Teachers Colleges.

The most recent activity was a roller skating party held December 12, 1944, at the Skaterina.

Education in the Postwar World

As victory draws nearer, thoughts naturally turn to the post-war world. Upon the democracies will fall the responsibility of maintaining the peace for which they have been fighting and of remaking the civilization of the world, spiritually, intellectually, morally, and materially. To the United States as the economic leader, and therefore the country with the greatest opportunity, the world will look for inspiration. Can America meet that challenge?

It can, by showing itself a model democracy. This can be done only through making the people ideal citizens, capable of running the country intelligently and for the good of all. We must begin with the education of our children if they are to be intelligent citizens. As the conditions, environment, and problems will not be the same after the war as before, education, too, must change to keep step with changing society.

Children must be taught to think for themselves, for they are the citizens of the future who must solve the numerous economic, political, and social problems which will arise after this war. They must be taught an international outlook rather than a national one, for only through a broader perspective can we hope to maintain international harmony. They must be taught racial and religious tolerance at home, for how can we expect to have world peace if we cannot prevent strife in our own country? There must be a stronger emphasis placed on history, with all the truth—pleasant or unpleasant—brought to light, in order that the future citizens can better understand the world and its problems. Geography must be taught more thoroughly, with the aim to really understand the various countries of the world. The increased study of language would be another method of better understanding our foreign brothers, for Americans on the whole, expect others to learn English, but do not wish to reciprocate by learning foreign tongues themselves. Children must be taught to understand economics, for the problems arising after the war will be largely of an economic nature. Youth must be provided with high mental and moral standards to prevent the lowering of moral tone usual after a war.

To keep step with the world, outmoded subjects must be discarded and necessary new ones introduced into the curriculum.

In every way, the schools must prepare youth to think, to plan, and to act wisely and intelligently.

A well known American humorist and after-dinner speaker was being introduced at a dinner by a long-winded Yale alumnus, a man very loyal to his alma mater. After an introduction which took up one hour and a half, and in which the Yale man extolled the humorist as possessing all the qualities Yale stood for, namely, Y—youthfulness, ability, etc., etc., the humorist finally was called upon to speak. He stood up, looked the crowd over and be-

gan: "I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for your kind introduction, and I thank God you are not an alumnus of Massachusetts Institute of Technology or we would be here a fortnight."

Whereupon he resumed his seat.

On the Home Front

(Reprinted from *Education*—September, 1944.)

I am the teacher in a world at war;
No uniform have I,—no wings, no bars;
No medals do I wear for valor shown,
No service stripes, no clusters, and no stars.

I keep my vigil in the country school;
I send our flag aloft, I lead a pledge
Of faithful fond devotion to that flag,—
The symbol of a noble heritage.

In village small or city's wide domain
I serve my country in un-numbered ways;

To safeguard children and to bulwark homes
I "gladly teach" my duty done, my praise.

For those who go to scan the face of Death
I have a charge to keep—and no release
By day or night; and till their safe return
My obligations hourly increase.

For thus I help to hold the home line firm;
I shall not shirk that task, nor seek reprieve
So long as boys and men hold firm their lines
Because of what I teach, and they believe.

—IVAH GREEN

IT WAS CHRISTMAS

CLARA SAUNDERS

It was dark, a soft friendly dark—the dark of Christmas Eve. The little house half out of town seemed almost buried in the shadow of the oak trees that bordered the front path and made long dark splotches on the drifts of snow. But from the small front window the lighted lamp made a warm looking patch on the ground broken only by the square shadow of a service flag.

Inside two teen-age girls were putting a battered angel on the top of the Christmas tree. They fastened it laughingly, but with care. That place where her crown was bent a bit was a reminder of the time Jack had tried to put her up in a hurry and had come tumbling off the step ladder, angel and all.

No one spoke of Jack. The mother, frosting cookies with Santa Claus faces, looked often out the east kitchen window. That was the direction of France. But if she sighed it was covered by the steady hammering of her husband down in the cellar fixing Jack's old wagon for the little fellow next door. His father wouldn't be coming home for Christmas—ever.

Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood.

—MARIE CURIE

Uptown the last minute shoppers welcomed Christmas Eve with tired feet and angry complaints to slow moving store clerks. The snow made the streets wet and slippery. Cab drivers rushed across corners blowing their horn fretfully. A cold policeman urged the people on the cross walk to move along.

In a house on the other edge of town a woman impatiently fussed with her lipstick. She scowled as angry cries issued from the nursery where the children were already quarrelling over their Christmas toys. The falling snow melted on her window and ran down the pane in a weary drizzle. Just another holiday.

But the same snow fell almost reverently on the tall oak trees and made excited whisperings across the window sill of the first little house. Out in the crowded streets and in many homes it was just another holiday, but here, it was Christmas.

RECIPES

These two recipes were submitted by Laura Jacobson with the suggestion that overseas boxes could include these goodies.

BROWNIES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening may be used)
- 1 cup flour
- 2 squares melted chocolate
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups chopped walnuts
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar, beaten eggs, chocolate, flour, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Especially for the girls who can't get their fudge to harden. Results guaranteed.)

- 2 7-oz. pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 1. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler.
- 2. Add sweetened condensed milk till well blended.
- 3. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and nuts.
- 4. Pour in buttered pan.
- 5. Chill. When firm, cut.

A BLACK COW

To most of us, cows represent a farm, milk, steak, or the cow that jumped over the moon. We see a comfortable farm with cows taking possession of every green carpet. But that is not what a cow means to me. This cow neither wanders o'er the green meadows, nor does he lazily lol with other mates. The animal I am painting is a brown and white one. When he is placed in front of his consumer, snow balls can be seen hugging the bottom of the container, as brown syrup fights desperately to escape from the clutching bubbles of sizzling soda water. As you see, my black cow is the well-known, delicious and refreshing chocolate ice cream soda. While drowning Caesar's Gallic Wars in such a soda, did it ever occur to you that the drink is popularly referred to as a "black cow"?

EILEEN F. BOUVIER

Prize Story

This is the prize Christmas story written by Miss M. Celestine Terroy, of the senior class.

Christmas for Nancy

CELESTINE TERROY, '45

Christmas to nine-year-old Nancy Loring meant a great many things. First of all, it meant no school for two whole weeks. Not that Nancy didn't like school. She did. But the two weeks' Christmas vacation was always very welcome to her.

Christmas usually meant snow. And as Grandma said, "Christmas just isn't Christmas without snow." Once, when Nancy was six, there wasn't any snow for the holidays. The little girl had worried and worried how Santa Claus would be able to come. But Daddy had settled her fears by suggesting that probably Old St. Nick would arrange to come in his airplane if snow didn't arrive in time for him to use his sleigh and reindeer. He came all right, and young Nancy didn't spend much time trying to figure out how. She was too elated over her new doll with real brown curls. There would be snow this year; Nancy knew because the daily paper said so.

Then, too, Christmas meant excitement and suspense and guessing. Nancy didn't consider it unfair to peek in Mother's closet once in a while—a couple of times a day, for example. She never could decide what any of the packages contained anyway. Last year she was sure that that extra-long bundle held her skis, but it turned out to be an oil table cloth for Aunt Agnes.

Christmas also meant shopping and rushing. Of course, Nancy did her own shopping. Christmas was the only time of the year that Nancy didn't mind being pushed around in the stores and on the streets. She always tried to be polite and say, "Scuse me," if she accidentally bumped into a nice old lady with her arms full of bundles. Nancy possessed very good judgment as to what to buy for the various members of her family. However, she didn't always understand why Uncle Charlie or Bob (her big brother) would burst out laughing when he opened his gift from her. She finally came to the conclusion that it was just one of those things that a small girl had to put up with from grown-ups. Nancy could budget her Christmas money very well, too. She learned from experience—three years ago, when she had done her shopping, she had bought Aunt Martha's present first and paid forty cents for it. She had bought Mother's gift last, and with a sudden, sickening fear, she realized she had only five cents left for it and could get only a simple, pretty handkerchief. But such a situation never occurred again. Nancy saw to that.

And lastly, Christmas meant the Day itself—anticipation, joy, laughter, gay colored paper, bright ribbon, the lighted tree, food, carols.

With a sudden quickening of the heart, Nancy wondered how she could ever exist the night through for tomorrow was Christmas.

She turned over and looked out the window. It was snowing lightly! Nancy closed her eyes and for the thousandth time tried to go to sleep.

To Our Boys in the Service, Our Favorite Subscribers

HULTIE HULTQUIST
FLIP MCGEE
CHARLIE FARNUM
DICK BOULAY
DOC BEALS
LEO CHARBONNEAU
BUTCH EVANS
KING CORN MELIA
FRED KELLEY
AL BARRIOS
LEO SULLIVAN
ELI BARSOUM
GEORGIE LAIRD
AL ATKOCIOUS
HANK HALKO

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Lesson for Lounge Lizards

In days gone by we could not smoke
Within these hallowed walls.
To have a "butt" the college folk
Went far from these school halls.

Out in the woods midst birds and trees

From teachers' watchful eye
They went, and often had to freeze
Twas cold, in days gone by.

This situation seemed quite strange
To our new president
So now you see there's been a change
It came with his advent.

We now can stay where it is warm,
And blow the smoke out strong,
So let's be sure we do no harm;
Put butts where they belong.

For ashes in the rug are bad,
And butts in basket worse,
Let's do what's right, and then be glad.

Memorable Dates in December

- 1—1942; Gasoline rationed in all states.
- 1943; Announcement of conference of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, at Teheran.
- 2—1823; Monroe Doctrine expounded.
- 5—1933; Prohibition amendment repealed.
- 7—1941; Japan attacked Pearl Harbor (Hawaii) and the Philippines, declaring war on the United States and Great Britain.
- 8—1941; United States and Great Britain declared war on Japan.
- 11—1941; United States declared war on Germany and Italy, following declaration of war on U. S. by those countries.
- 12—1800; Capital established at Washington.
- 14—1911; South pole reached by Amundsen.
- 15—1791; "Bill of Rights," the ten original amendments to the Constitution, adopted.
- 16—1773; "Boston Tea Party."
- 17—1903; First airplane flight, 59 seconds, by Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C.
- 21—1620; Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass.
- 1944; Winter solstice; shortest day.
- 25—Christmas Day.
- 1776; Washington crossed Delaware;
- Battle of Trenton 26th.